4.

The Lamentation of Englande:

For the late Treasons conspired against the Queenes Maiestie and the whole Realme, by

Franuces Throgmorton: who was executed for the same at Tyborne, on Friday being the tenth day of July last past. 1584. To the tune of Weepe, weepe.

Pray pray and praise the Lord, whose wonderous works are seene:
That brought to light the secret snare, laide lately for our Queene.

With brinishe teares and sobbing sighes,
I Englande pine in paine:
To see and heare such secret spites,
among my people raine.
Mine being in my golden prime,
where Nectar liquide doth flowe:
And where the sacred worde is taught,
echo Christians ioye to showe.
Pray, pray, &c.
And where the Lord of Lordes hath set,
his Gospell pure and cleane:
Supporting her my rightfull Prince,
to raigne a royall Queene.
Indued with wisedome from above,
and stored with knowledge great:
That spring Fame throughout the world,
her praises doth repeate.
Pray, pray, &c.
Who to the sacred worde doth stande,
with zeale and godly minde:
Maintaining truth, embracing faith,
and to echo subiect kinde.
[illegible] my people heare,
[illegible] you sincere
[illegible],
your selfe fatte willes to forsee
Pray, pray, &c.
Have you not Peace and Plentie both,
which other Realmes do want?
Have you not worldly pleasures store,
whereof there is no skant?
Have I not suffered you with rode,
which Nature bringeth forth?
Have I not fed you vagrantly,
with Milke and Honey both?
Pray, pray, &c.
And have not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all your stay:
which loueth me which cares for you,
and prayes for me echo day?
What is the cause such mischiefes then,
among you doe remaine?
Cruelty the fulnes of the flesh,
which you so much obtaine.
Pray, pray, &c.
It makes me weepe with trickling teares,
and wring my hands full colde:
To heare, to see, and thinke vpon,
the dangers manyfolde,
Our loving Prince and Queene is in,
by meanes of Satans crew:
whych privily both conspire the death,
of her my Lover true.
Pray, pray, &c.
How many mischiefes are deuised?
how many knaues are wrought?
How many false conspiracies,
against her Grace is sought?
[illegible] that rules in heauen above,
[illegible] on earth beloue:
[illegible] them in their wickednesse,
and pull his power from me.

For when his highnes doth perceiue,
that dangers are at hande:
Then doth he shewe by secret meanes,
those perils to withstande.
And will not let his chosen flocke,
to perishe on the earth:
But doth her secret foes confounde,
by meanes of shamefull death.
Pray, pray, &c.
As late was seene by Arden he,
and Sommeruile also:
Who did pretende to kill my Queene,
and worke her Subiects woe:
But God who doth her still defende,
her Grace he did preserue:
And wrought a shame vnto them selues,
as they did best deserue.
Pray pray &c.
Throgmorton lately did conspire,
to ouerthrowe the Estate:
That Strangers might inuade the Realme
vpon an Euening late:
And landes in places where he knewe,
[illegible] something wonne:
[illegible] thing he did,
to forraine Princes breake.
Pray, pray, &c.
His dealing with the Queene of Scottes,
by letters to and fro:
Informing her and other States,
of all that he did knowe:
What friends in England they should find,
what power they should bring:
Our Queene thereby for to displace,
this was a wofull thing.
Pray, pray, &c.
He sought to depriue my Queene,
of dignitie and Crowne:
And place a Stranger in her State,
thereby to treade her downe.
Ireland and Scotland by deuise,
the enemie should inuade:
Then into England bring a power,
as he the Plot had made.
Pray, pray, &c.
These were the treasons which he wrought
my good Queene to displace:
To spoyle the State of all this Realme,
such was his want of grace:
But God who doth protect me still,
offended at the same:
Euen in his yong and tender yeres,
did cut him off with shame.
Pray, pray, &c.
O thou Throgmorton wicked wight,
why wilt thou this deuise:
Why do the feare of God and Prince,
depart so from thy eyes?
No Rebelles power shall her displace,
God will preserue her still:
Her Subiectes all will lose their lines,
ere Traytors haue their will.

And though he florished for a space,
in forking his intent:
When to the Pits brinke that he came,
God did his worke preuent:
And did preserue in spight of him,
his chosen Israell pure:
That she might florish still in peace,
my comfort to procure.
Pray, pray, &c.
When as the seruants of the Lorde,
I meane the Children three:
Were put into the fierie Ouen,
destroyed for to bee:
Then fierie flames did them no harme,
they sung and prayed with ioye:
And those which sought to worke their woe,
the sparkles did destroye.
Pray, pray, &c.
And when the Children of the Lord,
King Pharao did pursue:
To drowne them in the flowing flods,
God was a Captaine true:
The waues like walles stood on eche syde,
and they frō passings founde:
And Pharao with his mightie hoste,
came after and was drounde.
Pray, pray, &c.
Euen so the Lord by his great might,
my comfort doth maintaine,
In keeping and preserning still,
my Prince from Traitors traine.
And did preserue her from the harmes,
Throgmorton did pretende:
Who euen at Tyborne for the same,
did make a shamefull ende.
Pray, pray, &c.
And though such Impes do worke her spite,
ten thousande kinde of waies:
Yea though the deuill him selfe do fite,
to spoyle her golden daies:
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,
their courage soone shall quaile:
So long as God stands on her syde,
no power shall preuaile.
Pray, pray, &c.
Therefore my loving people deare,
graunt England her request:
Pray to the Lord, him serue with feare.
and Traitors hearts detest.
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,
walke in the path of peace:
Obey your Prince, fight in her cause,
and Englands wealth encrease.
Pray pray &c.
And with new warning take new hearts,
olde benomed minds detest:
Eschue all sinne, encrease good workes,
that you in peace may rest.
From all olde customes that are euill,
put on the new man Christ:
And newly change your former lines,
and learne to please the highest.

FINIS. W. M.

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1584.